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# ELEGIAC POEM,

ON THE

## DEATH OF DR. BENJAMIN RUSH,

PROFESSOR OF THE INSTITUTES AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE AND OF CLINICAL PRACTICE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WHO FELL A VICTIM TO THE PREVAILING TYPHUS FEVER,

ON THE 19TH OF APRIL, 1813.

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Actis ævum implet, non segnibus annis.—OVID

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210863.

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# DEDICATION.

TO THE  
**STUDENTS OF MEDICINE**

IN THE  
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,

THE FOLLOWING

**POEM,**

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE VIRTUES OF THEIR LATE PROFESSOR,  
THE LAMENTED RUSH, IS, WITH RESPECT AND ESTEEM,  
INSCRIBED, BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

**THE AUTHOR.**





## ELEGIAC POEM.

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THE waning moon had passed meridian height,  
Sunk in the west, and veiled her silver light,  
The robes of darkness mantled o'er the skies,  
When leaden slumber sealed my tearful eyes:  
My eyes were chained, but the excursive mind,  
Unused to fetters, wandered unconfined;  
Through nameless realms yet unexplored she  
fled,  
While fraudulent vision fluttered o'er my head.\*

\* In Pope's *Homer*, *Iliad* b. ii. l. 21, we have the following:—

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,  
Descends and hovers o'er Atrides' head.

The poet represents Jupiter as sending a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, for which, according to Aristotle, Homer was accused of impiety, for making Jove the author of a lie. "But," says a commentator, (Macrobius) "Agamemnon was ordered by the dream to lead out all the Grecian forces, and on that condition promised victory: Achilles and his forces not being out, the king was defeated." Whoever will consult Dacier upon Aristotle, may read some elegant and judicious remarks upon this subject.

Deep in a dreary vale, with cypress crowned,  
 While fadeless laurel spread its greens around,  
 Methought I strayed—till full upon my sight,  
 Burst through the gloom a distant taper's light.  
 A maniac form, whose meagre figure wore  
 Wo's mourning weeds, the flaming wonder bore;  
 Through various paths the lambent glory flew,  
 And gave the darkling forest to my view;  
 Then to an opening cavern bent its way,  
 And lent the glooms within a transient day.  
 Awhile I marked it, then in deep amaze,  
 Instinctive followed the receding blaze  
 To the wide entrance; there in doubt I stood,  
 If to pursue, or still to trace the wood;  
 Till power unseen, a force impulsive gave,  
 I passed the bound and entered to the cave.

So when usurping Cæsar reached the tide,  
 Rome's sacred bound, he paused upon its side;  
 Then in the stream his mailed body threw,  
 The mystic future hidden from his view.\*

\* When Julius Cæsar was marching to take vengeance on his enemies at Rome, impressed with the magnitude of his enter-

Within the cave by latent force impelled,  
 New wonders there my wondering eyes beheld!  
 High in the midst, upon an ebon throne,  
 A form majestic sat reclined alone;  
 Her eyes was fixed and her dishevelled hair,  
 In wild luxuriance floated on the air;  
 On her pale brow relentless grief appears,  
 Melts in her piercing eyes and speaks in tears;  
 While fiery Genius, through the humid zone,  
 Still with a lustre undiminished shone!  
 Celestial splendours crowned her drooping  
     head,  
 Played round her throne, and peerless radiance  
     shed!  
 Unnumbered forms their heartfelt woes ex-  
     pressed,  
 And labouring sighs surcharged each heaving  
     breast.  
 There mild PHILANTHROPY, with heavenly mien,  
 Bathed all in tears, beside the throne was seen;

prize, he paused in doubt upon the banks of the Rubicon, a small river, which had always been considered by the Romans as the bounds of their domestic empire. At length he plunged into the stream, crying out, "*The die is cast, all is now over.*"

Yet still she shed, with native effluence crowned,  
The light of universal love around!

Some favourite lost the gentle seraph mourned,  
Whose breast inspired, with all her fervour  
burned!

Near fair Philanthropy wept modest LORE,  
For one she loved with ardour, now no more;  
She dewed her tablets with distress in vain,  
And traced her loss upon the brazen plane.  
Sighs of regret from mournful FEELING stole,  
And generous sorrow tore COMPASSION'S soul!  
There, with her snakes, secluded from the rest,  
Infernal ENVY smote her haggard breast!  
Relentless CRUELTY there learned to sigh,  
And sorrow trembled in her iron eye!  
Each various passion bathed in grief was there,  
And LOVE and HATRED, HOPE and pale DES-  
PAIR!

But more than all, the groans that swelled the  
breast

Of AFRIC'S GENIUS, greater wo expressed!  
Her sable bosom heaved in ceaseless sighs,  
But no relieving tear bedewed her eyes!

Her steadfast eyes, whose wild and vacant stare,  
 Bent on the ground the glance of deep despair!  
 Her grateful soul had given the torrent force,  
 But thirsty sorrow drank it at the source!\*

A sacred horror wrapt my melting soul,  
 My eyes around in strange disorder roll!  
 Where tears instinctive mounted from my  
                   heart,

A sympathetic feeling to impart;  
 Whose holy influence, and whose ardent zeal,  
 From haggard eyes the trembling tear can steal,  
 Break the hard heart, the stony breast inspire,  
 And warm th' unsocial soul with genial fire.  
 Forward I pressed, the cause of grief to seek,  
 But my tongue faltered as I strove to speak.

\* The author recollects some where to have read the same sentiment expressed in these lines. If he mistake not, the following elegant stanza, which contains it, was written by Anthony Pasquin, Esq. on his being reproached for not weeping over the tomb of an amiable lady.

“O! when sublimely agonized I stood,  
     And mem’ry gave her beauteous fame a sigh;  
 While feeling triumphed in my heart’s warm blood,  
     Grief drank the off’ring ere it reached the eye.”



My thoughts perplexed the form enthroned perceived,

And thus, in accents mild, my mind relieved:  
 Say, bold adventurer hither, would'st thou know  
 Wherefore this scene of grief, this pomp of woe?  
 Here, here, the lamentable cause behold,  
 Lost to the world, in death's embraces cold!  
 She waved her hand, a sable screen withdrew,  
 And spread a vault lugubrious to my view!  
 My pale conductor then, approaching near,  
 Displayed his brightning flambeau o'er a bier,  
 On which, emblamed in death, a form was  
 placed,

Whose palid brows a crown of laurel graced;  
 The gentle breezes fanned it as they flew,  
 And steeped the fadeless leaves in spicy dew.  
 The flame-crowned SERAPH thus the tale begun:  
 Behold fair SCIENCE weeping for her son.  
 I left the realms of light and sought this cave,  
 To mourn for him whom SCIENCE could not save!  
 Had I the power, lamenting friends should find  
 His body deathless as his mighty mind:

Yet still from Fame's loud trumpet shall be  
hurled

His name, till plaudits shake the listening world!  
When in the distant east, my radiant light,  
By millions cherished, reached meridian height,  
Columbia's Genius sought my sky-crowned  
home,

And filled with laboring sighs the arching dome;  
Illustrious SCIENCE, cried the weeping maid,  
While her swelled bosom all her soul betrayed;  
Illustrious Science, hear me thus complain  
Thy power confined beyond th' Atlantic main!  
Why shines thy heaven-born effluence only  
there,

Which young Columbia fondly hopes to share?  
Her guardian Genius, I thy aid implore,  
To beam thy lustre on this western shore!  
Ceaseless my wo, unless the shades of night  
Are widely scattered by thy glorious light!  
I bade the Genius every sorrow hush,  
And to Columbia sent my favourite RUSH.\*

\* The author would be greatly misconceived if he should be accused even of an allusion derogatory to other great men who have conferred lustre upon their country and honour upon them-

He who extended on this mournful bier,  
 Demands from all a tributary tear!  
 Vain were my hopes, my much loved son to save,  
 Death struck my favourite to the silent grave!  
 For all, alas! through death must lie inurned,  
 The proud, the humble, ignorant and learned! \*  
 See mild PHILANTHROPY his loss deplore,  
 And groans of anguish rend repining LORE!  
 The soul of FEELING is betrayed in grief,  
 And in her sighs COMPASSION finds relief!  
 Unyielding CRUELTY, for once compelled,  
 Breaks into sorrow long for wo withheld.  
 Soul-soothing LOVE, inexorable HATE,  
 Unite their loud complainings for his fate;  
 While wan DESPAIR now gives her feelings scope  
 And mingles groans with disappointed HOPE!

selves. Each was a planet in his peculiar sphere. Rush has undoubtedly rescued much of the science of medicine from the lamentable errors of fallacious opinion.

\* This idea bears a strong analogy to that of Gray, in his Elegy written in a country Church Yard:

" The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour;  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave."



Even rude ENVY, who his fame would crush,  
 Subdued by merit, mourns departed Rush!  
 The cankerous viper on her brow appears,  
 And, in the place of poison, issues tears!\*

But Afric's Genius see what woes attend,  
 For all her suffering race have lost a friend!  
 Well she remembers he relieved their pains,  
 Opposed their tyrants, and destroyed their  
       chains;

How, yielding mercy, many a dusky breast,  
 He soothed from beating anguish into rest!  
 How boldly taught, while in the path he trode,  
 That all are equal in the sight of God!  
 Lamented Rush! when free from anxious fears,  
 I marked thy merit in the prime of years;  
 Thy energetic mind, thy fond desire  
 Science to court, whose Promethean fire  
 Broods o'er the gloom of ignorance and night,  
 And warms to new existence and delight!

\* Virgil has personified *Envy*, and represented her feeding upon her vipers, from whence her abominable vices obtain new rage, and augment the venom of her heart.

“ Videt intus edentem  
 Vipereas carnes, vitiorum alimenta suorum,  
 Invidiam.”

So when old ocean dashed his angry waves,  
 While chaos slumbered in his watery caves,  
 Th' Eternal Spirit brooded on the deep,  
 And roused the mingled mass from listless  
     sleep;

The mass apart recoiling billows hurled,  
 And angels wondering, woke into a world!  
 When deep'ning study fields of science reaped,  
 And each opposing barrier boldly leaped;  
 When taste was charmed, and judgment seemed  
     mature,

By nervous writings, bold, majestic, pure;  
 Where classic LORE her sacred splendours shed;  
 And sage preceptors wondered as they read!\*

Then did I hope a life to science dear,  
 Would boast existence many a lengthened year;  
 'Then did I hope to see thee soar sublime,  
 Above the shafts of death in deathless prime!  
 Could prayers have saved thee, prayers were  
     daily given,  
 Till supplication rent the vault of Heaven!

\* It is no fiction of the poet, but an undeniable fact, that Dr. Rush, at the age of fifteen years, astonished his preceptors by the

But vain our wishes, vainly we implore,  
 Death stalk'd successful, Rush is now no more!

That sacred science formed relief to give,  
 Recal to health, and bid the dying live;  
 Formed to the body vigour to impart,  
 And lift from deep distress the sinking heart,  
 Owned her bold champion in this lifeless form,  
 When warm with life, with learned ardour  
     warm.

Unchecked by ridicule, unawed by rules,  
 Fallacious dogmas, and the pride of schools;  
 With all the ardour of aspiring youth,  
 From fair experiment, the test of truth,  
 Deep searching Rush ingenious reasonings  
     drew,

Bold to defend, and potent to subdue!  
 He scorned opposing crowds, and meekly wise  
 Pursued research with microscopic eyes;  
 Determined truth by every mean to try,  
 Where others dared not gaze 'twas his to fly;

elegance of his compositions, and gave an earnest of that eminence in the sciences to which he afterwards attained.

He rescued truth from mad opinion's maze,  
 And caught from Science her inspiring rays;  
 Beamed o'er the healing art a radiant light,  
 Like orient phosphor o'er the mists of night!  
 The world beheld and gave the merit due,  
 For every labour, generous Rush, to you.  
 Ignoble Envy would have crushed thy fame,  
 But generous candour put the wretch to shame!  
 Her loathsome form to darkness she betakes,  
 And in retirement feeds upon her snakes;  
 'The cankerous pen within her withered hand,  
 She flings her poison from the secret stand;\*  
 Till here constrained, no more her cell she  
     keeps,  
 But for departed worth reluctant weeps.  
 When fierce oppression roused the patriot band,  
 To save from tyrant laws their native land;

\* Dr. Rush having obtained considerable damages against Peter Porcupine, for a libel, the enraged Editor lampooned him in a paltry and insignificant publication called the *Rush-Light*. —A rush-light indeed,

Whose feeble ray scarce spread an inch around,

and whose twinklings were soon lost in the splendours they were intended to eclipse. This effort of exasperated folly was remark-

When heart-felt joys the gallant sire forewent,  
 And changed the princely mansion for the tent;  
 When VERNON'S\* hero left the peaceful shade,  
 And shining share, for the destructive blade;  
 With virtuous rage, each fearless soul to warm,  
 The battle rouse, and guide the dreadful storm;  
 Quick, to assist the band, great Rush appeared,  
 Urged them to act, and when they languished,  
                   cheered.

Boldly he sprung to aid his country's cause,  
 'To guard her sacred rights and equal laws;  
 His deep conceptions and his nervous pen  
 Were both employed to assert the rights of men,  
 On those bright scrolls which gave Columbia's  
                   name

To endless honours, and undying fame;  
 Gave to a western world a glorious birth  
 And rank, among the nations of the earth,

able for nothing but its despicable invective and Billingsgate effrontery.

\* It is scarcely necessary to say the author alludes to our illustrious WASHINGTON.



His name enrolled forever shall endure,  
Till in oblivion Heaven shall time immure.\*

In the sad chambers of unkind disease,  
Where Rush prescribed, he never failed to  
please;  
His gentle manners, sympathetic fire,  
Constrained to love, respect him and admire!  
Where anguish palled, whenever Rush appear'd,  
Fear fled the bosom and the heart was cheered;  
Health seemed his pristine vigour to regain,  
And the afflicted lost the sense of pain.  
Formed to the sick a kind relief to give,  
His bold prescriptions taught them how to live;  
When death looked ghastly from the fading eye,  
His pious precepts taught them how to die!

When fever poured his pestilential breath;  
And piled around the monuments of death;†

\* Dr. Rush was a member of the Congress which, on the FOURTH of JULY 1776, declared the colonies of America free and independent states; also of the convention which formed the present constitution of the United States.

† See next page for the note.

Bold to repel his fury Rush was seen,  
 With mind determined and undaunted mien:  
 That mild philanthropy which marked his way,  
 Beamed with new splendour on that fatal day!  
 Then dread contagion, with her sickly train,  
 Opposed the impulse of his soul in vain;  
 In vain she stalked around the sufferer's bed,  
 And through the air her deadly poisons shed;  
 Ev'n to her livid arms he rushed to save,  
 And snatch a dying victim from the grave!

† The Yellow Fever of 1793, was one of the most disastrous events recorded in our history. The author, then about eight years old, who resided in the city during the calamity, was often a witness to scenes of the most affecting nature—affecting indeed, when they could fill with horror the breast of an infant. It was then that Rush was distinguished for his exertions—then that he would traverse the deserted streets and visit the solitary abodes of contagion and wretchedness, to administer health to the body and comfort to the despairing mind. An instance of the almost instantaneous effect of this terrible disease, which came under the author's notice, he cannot refrain from relating. Once when he and another youth, whose name was Lolar, had brought the hearse, as was customary, to remove a dead body, while the driver went into the house for the corpse, Lolar leaped into the open receptacle of death. "God!" he exclaimed, "how it smells!" He came out, and the next day was carried to the grave.

No terrors then his gallant heart assailed,  
 No fears of death, of after death prevailed;  
 No sordid motives urged his generous course,  
 But godlike mercy's all subduing force!  
 He stood th' opposer of the impatient tomb,  
 Resolved if death subdued to meet his doom!  
 Secure, in duty's path, he boldly trode,  
 Nor meanly stooped to deviate from the road:  
 Inspired by changeless truth and grace sublime,  
 He looked beyond the transient mists of time;  
 His soul beheld a rich return of peace,  
 When worldly toil and wordly wo should cease;  
 Conscious of this, unawed by fate, he stood,  
 His only business was to practise good!  
 How many a wretch whom poverty had driven  
 From all the joys to haughty affluence given;  
 Whose piercing woes from pitying strangers  
                   shut

Within the humble cot, or lonely hut,  
 In vain for aid, in baleful accents call,  
 Rend the sad bosom and the soul appal;  
 Where no rich vests the tortured body bore,  
 No couch could press, but an unfeeling floor;



Around whose frame the tattered garment hung,  
 While scalding fever blistered all his tongue;  
 While the pale victim dreadful pangs endured,  
 With friendless want, and wan disease immured,  
 How many a wretch whom charity ne'er knew,  
 Whose latent griefs no tear of pity drew,  
 Shall bless the hour when Rush their mis'ry  
                   found,

And poured a healing balm in every wound!  
 When his kind aid restored the genial fire,  
 Saved from impending fate the hoary sire;  
 With tears of joy the starving mother fed,  
 And helpless child, that cried in vain for bread!  
 When from the purse which bounteous Heaven  
                   had stored,

The golden tribute glistened on the board;\*  
 When smiling health in every face appeared,  
 And calm content the peaceful cottage cheered!

\* Dr. Rush not only attended the poor gratuitously, but, urged by the benevolent feelings of his heart, would leave money behind him when he departed, to purchase the very prescriptions he gave for their restoration to health. Exclusive of this, he devoted the emoluments arising from his practice on the Sabbath, entirely to purposes of charity.—*Vide Staughton's Oration.*

No pomp of pity, for his soul defied  
 The rude assaults of overweening pride!  
 He wished no proud encomium to obtain,  
 No rich reward for services to gain;  
 Nor fiery chariot, and no blazing car,  
 Fame's busy rumour o'er the world to bear:  
 The rich reward within his bosom lay;  
 The poor man's blessing was his only pay.  
 'This is my work, th' exulting soul may cry,  
 While pleasure sparkles in her tearful eye,  
 This is my work; where late reigned pale dis-  
     ease,  
 Now flourish health and happiness and ease!  
 What nobler recompense can heaven bestow,  
 Than the pure pleasure of relieving wo?  
 Lasting and sweet, like that delight above,  
 Which flows for ever from the SOURCE OF LOVE.

Ye long oppressed, whom thirst of sordid ore  
 Stole, bound in fetters, from your native shore;  
 For Rush break forth the tributary sigh,  
 For him let sorrow melt in every eye!

When sacred justice under foot was trode,  
 When cruel masters hurled the smarting rod;  
 When under suns which flame o'er western isles,  
 The unbending keeper marked your daily toils,  
 To force the fervid glebe, and thus afford  
 Increasing luxuries for a pampered lord;  
 When nature fainted in th' unequal strife,  
 And the sharp lash alone recalled to life,  
 How have you prayed a friend like this to gain,  
 To snatch from wrong, and break the tyrant's  
 chain!

The road he led you trace, and realise,  
 With grateful soul, his DREAM OF PARADISE.\*  
 Rush strove for you; for you th' illustrious  
 band,†  
 Was formed from worthies of this infant land;

\* This is one of the most beautiful of the Professor's compositions. In this delightful vision, he introduces the African race into Paradise, where they recite the treatment they met with in the world, in the course of which the celebrated Anthony Benezet is brought into view with great pathos and effect. The reader who is unacquainted with this elegant dream, may gratify his feelings by referring to Rush's Essays.

\* The Abolition Society.

Formed to relieve, when stern injustice broke  
 The bounds of freedom, and enforced the yoke!  
 Whose precepts pass the colour of the skin,  
 And throw their piercing glances deep within;  
 There seek distinction, there alone, to find  
 The dark or vivid colour of the mind!

Who know with rigid truth the world to scan,  
 And find no difference in the rights of man.  
 In their front ranks the lifeless Rush was known,  
 To punish wrong and outrage not his own;  
 Oft through the hall his voice potential rung,  
 And equal freedom thundered from his tongue!\*

Ye whom philanthropy inspired to lend  
 Aid to the wretched, whom none else befriended;  
 Whose warm exertions check unfeeling hate,  
 And soothe, with strenuous care, the negro's fate;  
 Still, still your kindred sympathies impart,  
 To lighten sorrow, and amend the heart!

\* When the author wrote this line he really believed it to be original, but has since accidentally met the following in Barlow's Columbiad:

“ And Independence thundered from their tongue.”

Snatched from that state which SCIENCE never  
 knew,  
 Nor thirsty victims drank Castalian dew;  
 The negro's prayer to lis'ning Heaven shall rise,  
 And call rewarding blessings from the skies!

Dank, dreary walls, where misery and crime  
 Together mingled through the lapse of time;  
 Where many a wretch within thy dismal bound,  
 A stone his pillow, and his bed the ground,  
 Wore out a life in plenitude of pain,  
 Seeking from heedless friends relief in vain;  
 Whose clammy cell ne'er felt a ray of light,  
 Wrapt in the cheerless gloom of constant night;  
 Where no soft summer beamed, the mind to cheer,  
 But winter reigned, sole season of the year;  
 To Rush reverberate your loud applause,  
 Who dared to soothe the rigour of the laws! \*  
 Who when the wretched debtor lay confined  
 Within thy glooms, to changeless fate resigned,

\* Urged by characteristic benevolence, Dr. Rush was the first in America who conceived the idea of preventing the crimes, and softening the miseries of a prison.



Stretched forth the hand of charity, to lend  
 Aid to the suffering stranger and the friend.\*  
 O'er distant Europe's realms so HOWARD trode,  
 The great vicegerent of a pitying God!  
 To search the cheerless prison's awful gloom,  
 And snatch the guilty from untimely doom!  
 To show the wretch, by error led astray,  
 The heights of virtue and to point the way!  
 Such was your Rush, as such be ever blest,  
 Lamented mortal! HOWARD OF THE WEST!

Say ye, his favoured intimates, who knew,  
 From others meanness if his greatness grew?  
 Where learning flourished and where Science  
     shone,  
 Rush beamed a radiance that was all his own!

\* "Benevolence conducted Dr. Rush to the jail where lay confined for debt, a friend to whose family in prosperity he had long been physician. He offered him his sympathies. He did more! he introduced into his hands a body of bank notes, amounting to more than the sums he had ever obtained for his services. He insisted on his receiving it, and departed, content with the approbation of him, who in judgment will say, I was in prison, and ye came unto me."—*Staughton's Oration.*

No feebler planet, with contrasted rays,  
 Lent to this orb of light a brighter blaze;  
 From native sources all his lustre runs,  
 A sun superior mid a host of suns!\*

Ye who enjoyed his converse, who beheld  
 How holy virtue all his soul impelled,  
 Ye best can say, in every charm arrayed,  
 How mild religion all his actions swayed;  
 Lifted his soul from grovelling joys of sense,  
 To bounteous Heaven's eternal recompense.  
 Not like to one whose feeble mind explores  
 The deep of Science for her sacred stores;  
 Searches, with ardent zeal, the primal cause,  
 Why spheres revolve, and whence great nature  
                   was;

Who bade the orbs illumine the spacious earth,  
 And brought the countless planets into birth;  
 Fashioned the sun and kindled all his blaze,  
 And lent the silver moon her borrowed rays;

\* It is a fact that Professor Rush acquired none of his renown from the paucity of talent around him. Encircled by characters of eminence in science and literature, they neither added to his glory by contrast, nor eclipsed it by comparison. "He was great, says his Eulogist, in the midst of greatness."

Peerless to shine, night's radiant diadem,  
 Studded around with many a starry gem;  
 Gives to each planet uncreated light,  
 Self-moving potence and eternal might; \*  
 The mists of error wrap his darkling soul,  
 And hide the MIGHTY MOVER of the whole!  
 Rush dwelt enraptured on the glorious theme,  
 And in his creatures viewed the wise SUPREME!  
 Marked all creation bound by rigid laws,  
 Formed in the wisdom of a GREAT FIRST CAUSE;  
 Bound his imperial mandates to fulfil,  
 Nature and Science subject to his will.  
 When he viewed Homer, in his magic rhymes, \*  
 From long oblivion rescue ancient times;

\* Hesiod was the first author of the fabulous creation. Not being able to conceive how an existing cause could bring something out of nothing, as a necessary preliminary to his hypothesis, he asserted the eternity of matter, and by this means procured a frail foundation to work upon, which his genius knew well how to improve. The system of Lucretius need only be mentioned in comparison to show the absurdity of both, and indeed, of all the hypotheses of antiquity.

† Homer wrote in the hexameter Greek verse, and it may therefore be objected that the word "rhymes" is here improperly applied. In the modern acceptation of the word, however, it is taken as a general term for verse of every kind, and this is the author's only apology for using it.



Beheld the Syracusan's great renown,  
 Who dared to analyse Hiero's crown;\*  
 Saw rural Virgil light Italia's clime,  
 And great Venusium, prince of lyric rhyme;†  
 When he beheld stupendous Franklin rise,  
 And snatch th' imperious lightning from the  
       skies;

The path of Science, Rittenhouse pursue  
 And bring a mimic universe to view;—  
 Departed Rush, whom stedfast truth inspired,  
 Revered the artist and his work admired;  
 But still the path of sacred duty trode,  
 And through the agent, saw the agent's God!  
 The eternal Author of the wondrous plan,  
 Which from perdition rescues guilty man,  
 Beamed o'er his soul regenerating light,  
 Herald of peace and foretaste of delight!  
 Th' incarnate God, omnipotent to save,  
 And of its terrors rob the yawning grave!

\* Archimedes was the first who discovered the manner of determining the specific gravity of bodies. The way he found that the goldsmith had adulterated the gold of Hiero's crown, which led to the discovery above mentioned, is known to almost every reader. Those who are unacquainted with it, are referred to Ferguson's Lectures, vol. I. p. 171.

† HORACE.

Here Science ceased, a tender tear she shed,  
 Then cast a look of anguish on the dead,  
 And thus continued: Speechless is that tongue,  
 On which so lately soft persuasion hung.

No more the channels of his furrowed cheek,  
 Suffus'd with tears, his pitying heart shall speak;  
 The whitened locks, by fading age made hoar,  
 Shall claim respect and reverence no more!

No more shall Rush his willing aid impart,  
 Nor shine superior in the healing art;

No more dispel the unrelenting gloom,  
 That wraps the fearful confines of the tomb!

Let sighing winds the dread disaster tell,  
 And sound to Europe's realms his funeral knell!  
 Through wasteless years there groans of anguish  
     break,

And Europe's realms the general grief partake;  
 Partake with Science, whose resistless tears  
 Flow for her fatal loss, through wasteless years.  
 His task complete, his generous service o'er,  
 Lifeless he lies:—The seraph could no more!  
 Increasing sorrow every bosom rends,  
 While o'er lamented Rush the mourner bends!

Weeping they stood, when suddenly the sound  
 Of pealing thunders shook the vault profound!  
 Beneath their rage the stony roof gave way,  
 And through the cavern beamed a radiant day!  
 In a bright flame, descending from above,  
 A saint her herald and her sign a dove,  
 A form divine, the new amazement broke,  
 As in delightful accents thus she spoke:—  
 “Science forbear! nor tears of sorrow shed,  
 For sorrow never can revive the dead!  
 Weep you for Rush! for him your joy should flow,  
 Borne from this earth of care, this scene of wo!  
 Thy light, bright Science, to this sphere confin’d,  
 Was far too little for his mighty mind!  
 Which soared beyond this world, and broke away  
 From darkened nature to a world of day!  
 Calmly he sleeps; no terrors shook his frame,  
 When, sent by fate, the king of terrors came;  
 To matchless love, his rescued spirit gave,  
 And met resigned the conquest of the grave!  
 To endless life th’ uninjured mind shall raise,  
 And learn the science of eternal praise!”

She spoke, and from the cavern swiftly flew,  
 And grief grew silent as the saint withdrew!  
 A burst of joy through all the arches rung,  
 And songs of transport broke from every tongue.  
 Loud and more loud the sound of rapture rose,  
 And broke the silken bands of soft repose!  
 Still o'er my bosom the delusion stole,  
 And grief still trembled in my wondering soul!  
 The scene of sorrow still attracts my eyes,  
 I see the Seraph still with strange surprize;  
 Still hear her councils to fair Science given,  
 And mark her bright ascent to opening Heaven!  
 Still the fond mourners check their gushing  
     tears,  
 And sounds of pleasure still salute my ears!

Rush! at that name a thousand feelings rise,  
 Melt at my heart and moisten in my eyes!  
 If worth like his shall lose the genial fire,  
 And virtue's self is destined to expire,  
 O! grant, indulgent Providence, that I  
 Like Rush may live, like pious Rush may die!





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